



ANNE IVES: MASCOT

H.M. EGBERT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
O. IRWIN MYERS

(COPYRIGHT 1913
W.G. CHAPMAN)

CHAPTER I.

Introducing a Pair of Scoundrels.
(In which I tell of the Coronation and, incidentally, discover that I am a much-advertised-for person.)

"But, goodness gracious, Anne, you aren't going to England, are you? Wait till school closes in June, and we'll make up a party."

My room-mate, Marv Jenner, is meek enough when she is alone with me, but company lends her a fictitious persuasiveness. Besides, all the rest of the girls curled up among our cushions agreed with her—I could see it in their faces.

"If his sacred majesty, King George the Fifth, will consent to put off his coronation until July, I shall be glad to wait for you," I answered, with some asperity. "But I don't think it's likely, do you?"

"Well, but, Anne—" Mary was beginning, when Agnes Pomeroy broke in. Agnes is a plump girl with a vein of common sense amounting almost to genius.

"Look here," she said, "what's the use? You won't see a thing except the street processions. You might just as well stay in Winnipeg and read all about it in the illustrated London papers. Nobody can get into the Abbey without carrying a peer."

I put my nose in the air. "Well, even at that—" I suggested brazenly. The girls laughed, and Agnes asked a chocolate cream at me, missing me by about three feet.

"I don't believe even having red hair and being a mascot would accomplish a peer by coronation time, my dear," she said. "But by all means go ahead if you've set your heart on it. After school is out we'll join you."

"You let my red hair alone, Pomeroy!" I retorted wrathfully. "I'm twenty-two years old, and I guess I know how to take care of myself. And if you've got a determined temperament, and want something badly and all your friends put stupid obstacles in your way—why, it's enough to make a plaster angel feel annoyed."

Agnes only laughed, and ate another chocolate, though she knows they make her fatter, and my decision was accepted as an established fact, which I thought was another proof of my determined temperament.

It seems strange to look back on that kimono party now. I felt so old and capable and assured that nothing could possibly happen to me. If I had dreamed of the mad adventures that were so soon to begin—ah, well, perhaps I would have gone forward just the same. It is hardly twelve months since we sat by that crackling fire, but I feel as if it had been a thousand years. After all, twenty-two is very young.

But, at any rate, I had a perfectly good reason for leaving school two months before the end of the term. The doctor, who is an old friend of mine—I used to pull his mustaches when I wore pinafores—told me I had been working too hard, and was on the verge of a complete breakdown if I didn't at once have complete rest and change of scene. So I asked him if the air of any particular place would benefit me especially, and he pulled a curl for me and said he felt sure English air was the one thing for my ailment.

"Are you going to visit your ancestral castle?" asked Mary as I was packing. "It doesn't really seem polite to go so near and never say 'bon jour'."

"Of course," I answered, though really I hadn't thought about it before. "I'm going to see the Chateau Cliechy, and also I'm going to try to recover my ancestral property. I've a bundle of bonds stacked up in a romantic old vault in Paris. Maybe I'll come back an heiress, or something extra nice about this adventure."

I haven't mentioned anything about my castle in France, have I? One doesn't talk about one's family, of course, but really, mine was very interesting. My grandfather is the Comte d'Yves, and owns a large feudal property in Cliechy, which is in Normandy. My father was his son by his first marriage, and when father was hardly more than a boy, he quarreled with grandfather, who turned him out. Father came to Canada to make his fortune, drifted to the coast, and finally married an American girl in San Francisco. I was born there, my mother dying when I was only a baby, and my father when I was seventeen. After that I came to Winnipeg and taught for a living. Of course, things were hard sometimes, but father had a worse time than I, and for his sake I never could forgive grandfather for turning him out of doors.

"Some day, Anne," my father used to say laughingly, "you'll go back to France and be adopted and become heiress of Cliechy."

"I guess the rest of them won't leave much for me to be heiress of," I answered usually, and the subject dropped. Save for a faint knowledge of French I had nothing about me to betray the fact of my foreign extraction, and I never wished to meet any of my father's relatives—never! Sometimes my father would speak about the property in the strong box. It was all in bonds—worthless ones, too—which had been left by father by his mother, whose dowry had been invested in the old Panama canal. That ghost-

ous enterprise that went down to ruin twenty odd years ago, carrying with it thousands of prosperous families in a general wreck. My grandmother had always had a pathetic belief that some day the bonds would be worth something. She left them to my father, placing them in the strong box which she held in the vaults of Magniff & Co., bankers, of Paris and London. When she was dying she sent him the key.

"Well, Anne, they won't do any harm where they are," my father would say. "Some day, when we're all rich, we'll take them to Paris and take them out and sell them for old paper."

So now I think I have explained how I came to sail for England on the thirty-first of May, with five \$100 and one \$50 bill in my purse and the key to the ancestral strong box. Mary wanted me to sew by bills into the lining of my dress. But I felt safer with the money in my purse, for, as I told her, I'd either have to wear the same dress all the time or keep running into my room to see whether it had been ripped open or not. If I had taken her advice I should never have had my adventure with the Man in the Buff Boots—but that comes later.

Mary, of course, was at the train in tears, waiting to bid me adieu. And who else should be there but that odious Mr. Spratt, who had once been enamored of me, half hidden behind an enormous bouquet. I've heard that he boys call him "The Spratt," which isn't a nice name to give a professor of civic and international law. He pressed the bouquet into one of my hands and then put something else into the other in a mysterious and portentous manner.

"My volume of the Code Napoleon, Miss Ives," he said, whispering cautiously. "The only complete English commentary on modern French law. I've written your name on the fly-leaf. Don't lose it; you'll need it when you get to Paris!"

I could not but feel affected by the little man's kindness in presenting me with a copy of his epoch-making work. I introduced him to Mary, and we three chatted for a few moments until the conductor called "All aboard!" I stayed a day or two in Montreal, sight-seeing, and finally, owing to a last minute excursion to Mount Royal, nearly missed the steamer. But just as the whistle blew, I plunged hastily up the gangway, colliding at the top with a couple of foreign-looking men who stared at me for several minutes, apparently deeply interested.

I am usually quick to form my judgments of people. I did not like either of these fellow-passengers at all. In a very short time I had discovered that they were master and servant, or stood in some such relation. The one bore the hall-marks of wealth without refinement; the other was a coarse and villainous-looking Greek or Armenian, as I judged. I was relieved when I saw him betake himself to the steerage. But judge my disgust when I discovered that I had been seated next to his master at the dinner table!

He did not lose any time striking up an acquaintance with me. "May I pass you the mustard, Miss Howard?" were his first words. He had evidently been looking me up and made a mistake in the name. I was about to disillusion him when his next words checked the words on his lips.

"Allow me to introduce myself, since we are to see so much of each other during our voyage," he continued, with an odious snarl. "My name is Magniff—Leopold Magniff—a name tolerably well known in Paris and elsewhere."

"The—the banker?" I managed to gasp.

"The son of the banker," he corrected, much gratified at my ready recognition. "The old boy's my father. We now control the second largest combination of capital in France, and the fourth largest in Europe," he added complacently. "Not that I'll step into the old donkey's shoes, though. He hates me like poison. I grieve to say that my father has a mind purely commercial and utterly incapable of appreciating any of the refinements of life."

It isn't often that I wish I were a man, but that's what I did just then, so that I might have had the pleasure of kicking him. But I smothered my rage and struggled with my surprise. It seemed like the opening of some wonderful melodrama, my chance encounter, with this man while on my way to Europe, to take my securities out of his father's safety deposit box. I murmured something and fled up to the deck. Later, Mr. Magniff appeared and engaged me in conversation for about an hour, until I found some excuse to dismiss him and go to bed.

During the next few days he made himself my constant companion. He seemed to time his appearances at the table so that we should sit down together. When I peered the deck I was sure to encounter him, whereupon, altering the direction of his walk, he would keep step with me. At evening, no sooner had I drawn up my chair in a comfortable and secluded place than he would discover me and immediately seat himself at my side. I made few acquaintances on the boat, so that my name was never mentioned in his presence, and it was characteristic of his complacency that he did not dis-

When, by chance, I obtained a few minutes' respite from his odious presence, as sure as fate I would see him upon the lower deck in lengthy and stealthy conference with the villainous Greek—for such I had discovered his nationality to be. There was a cross-eyed woman, apparently the servant's wife, whom I had observed with him, and after the first day, when Mr. Magniff would bring his servant up on our deck and keep him near while he engaged me in conversation, I began to notice that the woman would post herself below and watch my face with somber, never-winking eyes.

My curiosity became so great that I questioned Mr. Magniff about this strange pair of dependents. He burst into loud laughter.

"Poor Zeuxis is unhappily married," he chuckled when he could speak. "I took the fellow over to America with me, and his wife, who is insanely jealous of the scamp, followed on the next boat. Ever since that she has stuck to him closer than a leech. I fancy she imagines that he's trying to leave her."

"But why does she stare at me?" I demanded.

He hemmed and hawed a little. "You're a good sport, Miss Howard," he confided at length. "I'll let you in. She's jealous of you. She thinks he's planning to elope with you. Ho, ho, ho!"

The cur collapsed into my chair and laughed. I started away indignantly, but he sprang to his feet and grasped me by the sleeve.

"Don't go," he begged. "I'll stop the fellow's insolence if you say the word. But Zeuxis has been useful to me in many ways, and just now we are planning to pull off a little coup in England which is going to net us a few thousands. Our last one failed, unfortunately."

"What was it?" I asked, my curiosity stimulated.

He looked at me leeringly. I believe that, for some occult reason, the racial considered that he had made a conquest of me. At any rate, he began blabbing his story quite proudly into my eager ears.

"It's a long tale," he said. "To tell it I've got to go back to my father, and he ain't a pleasant subject."

"O, please go on," I said, as enticingly as I could. Somehow the idea had entered my head that this rogue in some way was bound up with the success or failure of my enterprise. Try as I might, I could not rid myself of the thought.

"Well," he began, drawing up a chair close to me, "you wouldn't think, to look at me, that my father started life as a humble horse-meat vendor in the Rue Strasbourg, would you?"

"I could believe it by a wild stretch of the imagination," I answered.

"Quite so," he answered, flattered. "Well, to do him justice, the old donkey has one of the shrewdest brains in France. Somehow he got in on the ground floor of the De Lesseps Panama concession and made millions out of it before it went to pieces. Then nothing would content him but that he become a country gentleman. With this end in view he bought a magnificent estate near Cliechy. In Normandy, remodeled the castle in a

ghostly manner, and laid out a deer park. But it didn't get him anywhere. Cliechy is still a feudal province, and the old boulder's manners are such that the nobles of the locality had no use for him. Our presence there was completely ignored. For several years father and mother struggled to obtain social recognition, until at last they gave up the attempt, sold the estate and went back to Paris to live. But you can't stand up against the old man with impunity. He resolved to be revenged, and the man he most blamed for his troubles was the Comte d'Yves, a poverty-stricken old noble of Cliechy—just a baggardly proud rat, Miss Howard—who thought himself too good to breathe the air that father did."

I was glad that it had grown too dark for Magniff to see my face.

"My father singled out the comte to feel the full weight of his hatred," he went on blandly. "The comte had been badly hit in the Panama bubble. He'd had some shares, but they disappeared in a mysterious manner. From that time onward my father bent all his endeavors toward bankrupting the comte and taking over his property. He's heavily mortgaged, and it seems only a matter of a few months now before father gets even with the old fool. He'd have done it long ago, only he was bringing off a coup of his own which meant millions to him."

My heart was hammering so hard it scarcely seemed possible that I could control my emotion. The plot was thickening—and I was in the very heart of it!

"Yes," he continued, putting up his feet on the ship's rail, "there's only three of them alive in the direct line today: the comte, a very old man now, a daughter by a second marriage, and her son, the comte's grandson, a young fellow of twenty-five. There was a

son by an earlier marriage, but he went to America and died there. I traced him to California and lost him there. The burning of San Francisco had destroyed all the records. I advertised in all the Pacific coast papers without result. There had been a mar-



"Safe Me, Safe Me, Miss!" the Greek Babbled Frantically.

riage, and I believe there was one daughter. But she has vanished completely."

The uneven glow of his words, and a sudden suspicious odor on the night air, convinced me that the scoundrel had been drinking—not enough to render him tipsy, but just sufficient to unlock the doors of his secrets.

"So I told the old donkey"—by that phrase I interpreted him to mean Magniff, Sr.—"you'd better hurry up with that revenge of yours," I said, "or they'll all be dead. He'd cut my allowance to a beggarly ten thousand a year. He told me I was a bad egg, as he elegantly phrased it, and had disappointed all his hopes of having me succeed him in the banking business. 'All right, old boy,' I thought, 'I'll show you something original in the financial field.' You see, Miss Howard," he continued, lurching toward me, "I know the secret of the bonds."

"Yes, what was it?" I cried.

He sobbed immediately. "Now you'd like to know, wouldn't you?" he drawled. "You tantalizing little devil!"

I rose with great dignity and walked away, leaving him calling "Miss Howard! Miss Howard!" in desperate apology.

Thereafter, although my curiosity was burning, I avoided him sedulously, cutting him directly when we met and ignoring his advances at the dinner table. But he was so persistent that I was driven to all sorts of expedients to avoid him, and, when my need of a walk became urgent, I resorted to the long deck of the steerage, which was practically deserted, since few steerage passengers were returning to Europe at that season of the year.

It must have been on the third night after when, while pacing the steerage deck after successfully eluding my pursuer, I became aware of a stir in the shadows of the sailors' fore-cabin, under the stern. Then a black shape came flying toward me, clasped me by the arm, and fell on its knees behind me, whirling me round to shield it against its pursuer, who came, cat-like, out of the darkness. Before I had time to be afraid I recognized that it was Zeuxis clutching me, Zeuxis in desperate fear, while, like a panther, his wife followed him, a knife in her hand, crouching for a spring.

"Safe me, safe me, Miss!" the Greek babbled frantically.

Well, Mary, to whom I wrote the incident, said I was brave, but I haven't taught in the immigrant class for nothing. I simply stepped forward and took the knife out of her hand. She gave it up like a lamb and burst into tears.

"What is this about?" I demanded of Zeuxis, in my most scholastic tones.

"She's jealous of you, Miss Howard," he explained, rising sheepishly to his feet. "She's got it into her head that you're a rival of hers," he continued, caressing his long mustache proudly, as though he were a hero.

"Bah!" I exclaimed, in unutterable disgust.

"Quite so, quite so," said the Greek hurriedly. "If you would pretend to hate me miss, if you'd show your pretended contempt a little more openly, miss, you might convince her."

"Pretended?" I cried in fury. "You—you—"

"Say it, miss, say it," he whispered eagerly.

"I can't find words vile enough to characterize you," I answered, and turned upon my heel.

Later that evening he came creeping up to me.

"You've done it, miss," he whispered. "And if you ever want a friend, call upon me and I'll protect you."

"Done what?" I ejaculated.

"Convinced her, miss. You see, miss, Mr. Magniff, he's a joker, and he pretended that you was in love with me, just to torment her. But I've made her think I've fitted you, and I'm grateful, miss, indeed."

Really, I could be angry no longer. Stiffing a hysterical peal of laughter, I ran up to my deck and flung myself breathlessly into my chair.

I had escaped from the frying pan into the fire, however. For out of the dark another shadow arose—an unsteady shadow that quickly merged into a more substantial but still unsteady form. Magniff sat down beside me.

"You cruel little girl," he began loudly, "why have you fled from me all this time? Was it because you read my secret in my eyes? Miss Mary—"

He tried to seize my hand. The reception which I gave him seemed to sober him.

"Don't go, Miss Howard," he begged in pleading tones. "Forgive me, I guess I'm a bad egg after all, as the old assinine party characterized me. I've knocked about the world and never found a friend but you. Stay with me."

"Why, we can hold a club over the assinine party and extract a cool half million. You see, if she were to meet the old comte and he adopted her and took the bonds—what am I saying about the comte? I mean a certain elderly party—" he explained craftily—"why, he could pay off the mortgage that the assinine party holds over him. That would mean an end to the assinine party's schemes of revenge. Now, Miss Mary, if we can locate this girl and get the bonds from her at a trifling cost, pretending that they are worthless, we can threaten the assinine party that we'll deliver them to the other old party unless he pays us what we demand. See the point? Two birds in the hand; a fortune for you and me, and a club for the assinine person."

"And why do you make this proposition to me?" I asked.

"Because I love you, Mary," he cried, seizing my hand. "That's nothing to the next trick Zeuxis and I have up our sleeves. There's millions for all of us. I think you're an angel. What do you think of me?"

"I think you are a miserable scoundrel," I answered furiously, rising out of my chair.

To my astonishment he received my outburst with a peal of laughter.

"That's what I like," he cried, trying to seize my hand again. "Give me a girl with some spirit in her. Miss Mary! You can't imagine how much I've been thinking of you since we met aboard this old boat. Let's make a date in London. Want to see the coronation? Maybe I can get you a seat and show you round. Let's go—"

I turned on him, my eyes flashing, my anger so furious that for a few moments I could hardly find my tongue. I think I must have overawed him, for he seemed to wilt away under the blast of my rage, and waited dumbly.

"Listen to me, Mr. Magniff," I cried, shaking my finger at him. "Some of my friends have been good enough to tell me that I am a mascot and bring people good luck. I've brought good luck to you, better than you deserve, at any rate, because I am the woman whom you and your servant have been looking for. My name is not 'Miss Howard.' I am Anne Ives, and my father was Jules d'Yves, born at Cliechy, in Normandy."

I saw him stagger at that; the blow went home.

"Here," I cried, snatching it from my purse and holding it up to him. "This is the key to the box which contains my bonds, and I am going to Paris to redeem my property. It is mine, and I shall dispose of it to suit my inclinations."

He started toward me incredulously. He made a desperate clutch at the key. But, with a hysterical laugh, I withdrew it from his outstretched hand and fled along the deck, down the stairs and locked myself in my stateroom.

I did not leave it until we docked at Plymouth. But once, lying upon my bunk, I saw a shadow fall upon the wall, and looking out, saw him pacing the lower deck beside his hawk-eyed, eagle-beaked servant, and an involuntary shudder came over me.

He was waiting to accost me at Plymouth, but I eluded him in the crowd. I ran the length of the station platform, dashed into the train and out the opposite side, and had the pleasure of seeing him start for London without me, under the firm conviction that I was in the train.

(Continued Tomorrow Afternoon.)

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Which Is Better—Try an Experiment or Profit by Albuquerque Citizen's Experience.

Something new is an experiment. Must be proved to be as representative.

"The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit. But the endorsement of friends is. Now supposing you had a fast, sleek, lame, weak, or aching one. Would you experiment on it? You will read of many so-called cures.

Endorsed by strangers from far-away places. It's different when the endorsement comes from home.

Easy to prove local testimony. Read this Albuquerque case. J. M. Vickrey, plumber, 1804 N. Eleventh St., Albuquerque, says: "I don't hesitate to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. I am sure that they are a good medicine for backache and kidney trouble. In my case they brought immediate relief from backache. I know of another case where Doan's Kidney Pills were used for pain in the back, caused by weak kidneys. Such positive benefit was had that it proves their worth beyond question."

Mr. Vickrey is only one of many Albuquerque people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Vickrey had—the remedy backed by home testimony. Get all sizes. Foster-McMurray Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. "When Your Back Is Lame—Remember the Name."

A Frenchman has succeeded in extracting a fiber useful in textiles and cordage from the water hyacinth of Indo-China.

R. L. Moore, Attorney, Crownwell Bldg., 125 S. 2nd St., Phone 412.

Lost anything? Let a Herald want ad find it for you.

SUMMER TOURS

Atlantic City



New York Boston

and Resorts of

Atlantic Coast and New England

Direct or via Washington to Seashore Resorts and New York. Diverse Routes to New York and Boston—including one way through Canada if desired; All-Rail and Rail and Steamer; Go One Route—Return Another. Liberal Stopovers—Long Return Limit.

REDUCED FARE ROUND TRIP TICKETS
are authorized at some ticket offices by asking for tickets via Chicago or via St. Louis.

PENNSYLVANIA LINES

Sold Daily Until September 30th, inclusive

For particulars about fares, routes and times address Denver City Passenger Office, 222 Broadway, Denver, Colo. LEONARD F. HULL, District Agent, DENVER, COLORADO



CHEAP SUMMER RATES TO EASTERN POINTS

Daily and including September 30th cheap rate tickets will be on sale to eastern points. These tickets are limited to return October 31st and permit liberal stop-overs at various points. Below is a list of rates to some of the important points.

Colorado Springs	\$20.75	Salt Lake, Utah	\$42.00
Denver, Colo.	\$23.75	Detroit, Mich.	\$68.15
Pueblo, Colo.	\$18.95	Minneapolis, Minn.	\$57.15
Washington, D. C.	\$74.75	St. Paul, Minn.	\$57.15
Atlanta, Ga.	\$58.20	Kansas City, Mo.	\$40.65
Chicago, Ill.	\$57.15	St. Louis, Mo.	\$51.85
Baltimore, Md.	\$74.75	Buffalo, N. Y.	\$62.35
Boston, Mass.	\$95.15	New York	\$84.05
Cincinnati, Ohio	\$64.05	Niagara Falls	\$76.65
Toledo, Ohio	\$68.15	Philadelphia, Pa.	\$79.55
Pittsburgh, Pa.	\$74.20	Ogden, Utah	\$42.00

For further information please call at the ticket office or address: P. J. JOHNSON, Agent. (Also agent for Steam Ship Lines to all foreign points.)

Cool California beaches



Phone 209

P. J. JOHNSON, Agent.

Gold Medal Flour

Eventually--Why Not Now?

THE JAFFA GROCERY CO. EXCLUSIVE AGENTS

W. H. HAHN CO.

For the Best in Fuel of All Kinds. PHONE 91.

CERRILLOS LUMP GALLUP LUMP GALLUP LUMP ANTHRACITE, ALL SIZES KINFORD AND MILL WOOD BRICK AND PLASTERING LIME SANTA FE BRICK

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

WHITE ELEPHANT BAR

ONLY ONE BEER ON DRAUGHT

Messrs. W. A. Gimes & Co.'s Old Crow Whiskey and Hermitage Rye regularly served. All other leading brands on call. Special service on all high class drinks.

J. C. TAYLOR, Manager

PAROID ROOFING

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

J. C. BALDRIDGE LBR. CO. 423 S. 1st St. Phone 402

Figure with us on Sash Doors, Mouldings and Everything in MILL WORK

Superior Lumber & Mill Company